



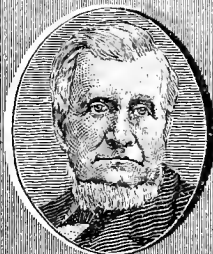
HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly  
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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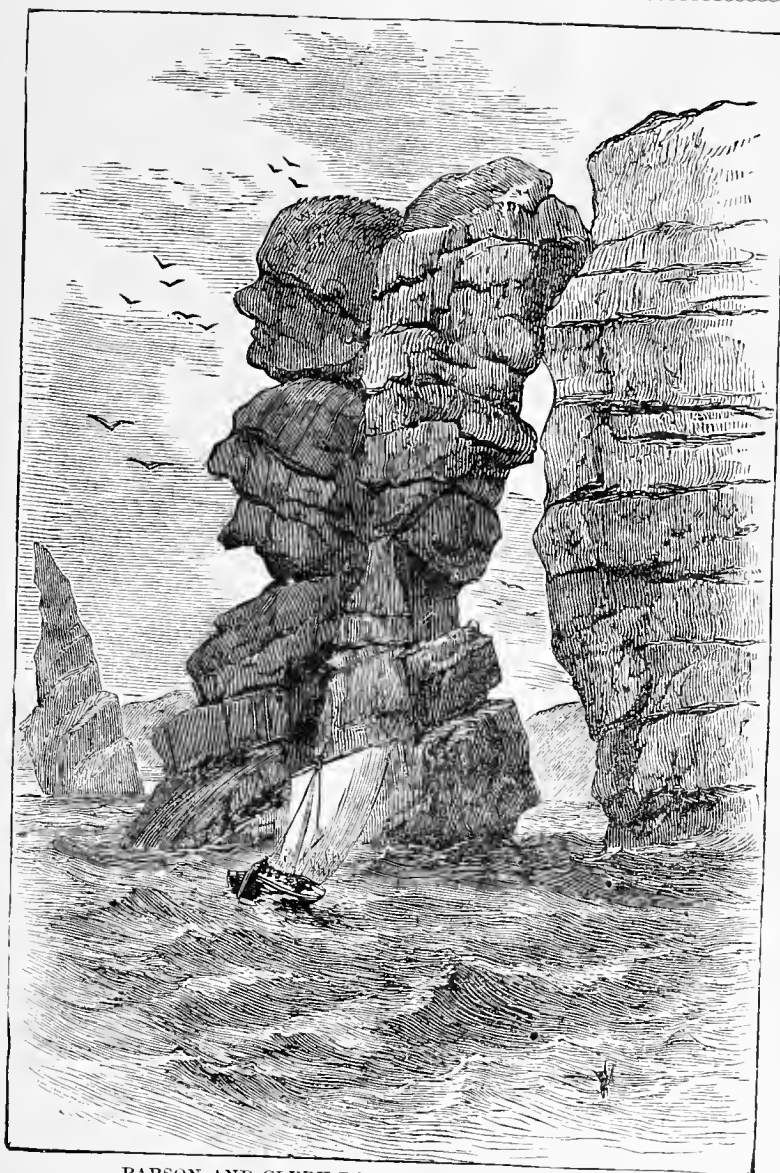
# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXX.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1895.

No. 1.



PARSON AND CLERK ROCKS. DAWLISH, ENGLAND.

**CURIOUS ROCKS.**

By examining a map of England it will be discovered that the south-western corner of that country extends outward in the form of a peninsula. On the north side of this stretch of land is the Bristol Channel, separating it from the coast of Wales, and on the south side is the British Channel, lying between it and the shores of France.

The central part of this peninsula is known as Devonshire, noted for the cider, and the Devon breed of cattle which it produces. The general surface of the land is hilly, and both the north and south coasts are lined with rocky cliffs.

On the southern shore, about twelve miles from Exeter, the principal city in the county, is a beautiful little town named Dawling. It is a watering place of local fame, and is well supplied with public baths. Near this town are situated the peculiar rocks shown in the picture. The profiles of human faces shown on the left side of the central rocky pillar have suggested the names which they bear—Parson and Clerk Rocks.

Apparently these rocks have been carved by nature, though possibly assisted by the hands of some daring individuals who have put a few finishing touches on the faces.

In the vicinity are other curiosities in stone which it is plainly to be seen are of an artificial character. Near Penzance, in the adjoining county, there was formerly what was known as a rocking stone, a large stone balanced in such a way that the least touch would cause it to sway back and forth. Similar rocking stones were found in other places.

Six miles from Salisbury, also in the south of England, is a celebrated

ancient monument known as Stonehenge. It consisted of a double circle of huge stones standing in an upright position with a stone lying across the top of each upright. The length of these stones varied from six to twenty feet. Some of them are yet standing, others have fallen down, while others have been carried away. It is not known who erected this peculiar monument, nor for what purpose it was intended, as it was placed there many centuries ago.

**LILLIAN.**

*As ye sow, so must ye reap.*

NEW YEAR's day in Canada is one of great festivity. Young and old, wrapped in furs and buffalo robes, glide swiftly along in cutters and sledges to the merry music of the sleigh bells. Calling on friends, partaking of refreshments, chatting pleasantly, and away they go again.

It was New Year's day in 1859; the writer was then a young girl, but never will forget some of the incidents connected with the life of the heroine of this tale.

We had passed a merry time sleigh-riding, and were gathering in the large dining-room to "take tea," as the evening meal was called, when one of our brothers hurriedly came into the room with the startling statement: "Lillian Gordan ran away from home last night with Mr. Roberts. They took the evening train for Shakespeare, were married, and returned this morning!"

"Can it be possible?" said Sister Annie, "that our beautiful Lillian would marry such an ugly man?"

"That is not the worst feature, my daughter," spoke mother; "for you

know, 'The soul is the standard of the man,' and 'Beauty is only skin-deep;' but I fear he is not conducting himself with propriety. There are rumors of card-playing, visiting saloons, etc. Although editor of our town paper, and holding many prominent positions, yet Lillian's father and mother objected much to his visiting her, feeling that his character could not bear scrutiny. Dear girl she is sowing bad seed, and her poor mother, this is indeed a sorrowful New Year for her. O how sad when children forget to honor father and mother, neglecting to take their advice, which they are so well qualified to give, by the experience which they have gained. "Where are they staying, Charles? They surely would not go to her home?"

"They are at the hotel, until Lillian's father's wrath subsides, for he swears he will shoot him."

Some time was spent in chatting about the event, but being a little girl I kept quiet; in those days children were seen, not heard. The lessons our dear mother (who long since died) tried to impress upon our youthful minds on that pleasant New Year's evening, have never been forgotten.

When story-writers portray the beauties of their heroine, we sometimes hurry over that part. But tarry a moment, reader, as this is a true sketch, and let me tell you how really beautiful and lovely Lillian was. I will describe her as in childhood I first recollect seeing her. Some two years before the above events occurred, we were invited to a children's party at her home, which was pleasantly situated in the suburbs of town. It was a large, old-fashioned house, with an avenue leading up to the wide spreading lawn. Acres of land surrounded the well-kept

grounds. In the meadows and timber beyond the fields we often went picnicing in summer time. There was much room indoors and out.

It being winter at the time of our visit, we were tucked into a sledge, and away we went. Our wraps were removed in the hall and we were ushered into the warm, comfortable dining room, where tea, cake, etc., were served. Lillian waited on the little folks with all tenderness. She had sparkling black eyes, rosy cheeks, long, jet black hair coiled around the shapely head in one large braid. Teeth small and pearly white, and never shall I forget that sweet-toned voice and silvery laugh. She always appeared so kind and loving to parents, brothers and sisters, and very lady-like in manner.

After tea we passed into the spacious drawing-room, where Lillian seated herself at the piano, where she played for us to dance.

Ten o'clock came all too soon for those children whom Lillian had helped to make so happy. How could she ever leave such a happy home, so carelessly, I thought when I heard of her marriage!

For four or five years I only met her occasionally. when she called at my mother's, on the street or in church. During that time Lillian's father died. He forgave the couple before his death. My sister Annie married Lillian's brother. As I merged into womanhood and was presented to society, which was there done when a girl arrived at the age of sixteen, I again met Lillian at a Masonic ball. She was leaning on the arm of her husband, who seated her by my side. She recognized me, and expressed a hope that I would not be disappointed in mingling with society. I watched her closely, and noticed a

great change. She was dressed lovely in pure white, with pearls in her hair, on her arms and neck, and with one single red rose on her breast; but her eyes were dim, the roses on her cheeks had faded, and when she made the last remark she heaved a sigh. Soon she was mingling with the gay dancers and perhaps forgot her sorrows for a time. It was already known that her husband, Mr. Roberts was leading a very fast life.

Before the ball was over Lillian's brother placed her wraps hurriedly around her and took her home in his carriage. I asked sister Annie about it, and she said, "Poor girl, I fear she is reaping some of the seed mother spoke of. Mr. Roberts indulged too freely in wine tonight and had to be taken home in a cab, and I think the end is not yet."

In the next three years there were many changes. Our mother and brothers had emigrated to Utah, they having heard and accepted the Gospel. I married and left my native town, which held but few charms for me after my mother's departure.

I sometimes visited my sister Annie, and one day while on a visit we were doing some shopping, and when ready to return my sister said, "Let us call on Mrs. Roberts. She has a delightful home on the hill, and I know would be much pleased to see you."

I consented, for often in quiet reflection had Lillian's sweet face and voice been in my thoughts, and I wondered how she was getting along.

A short walk brought us to the door.

The servant girl answered our knock.

"Is Mrs. Roberts in?" asked my sister.

"No, she is not in," answered the girl.

"O yes, Annie, I am at home to you.

Come right in," called a familiar voice which we immediately recognized as Lillian's, and coming forward she conducted us into her cosy bedroom, where she explained: "I was not feeling very well today, and am so tired of society and formal calls, I told Jane I did not wish to receive callers today, and of course she did not know you. Now, you'll excuse my appearance, won't you? Intending to lounge around, I left on my morning wrapper." Turning to me she said: "So you are married? Ah me, how time flies! I do hope you are happy," she said with a sigh. "Marriage is sometimes such a lottery."

"What a beautiful home you have, Lillian!" said I, wishing to dispel the gloom. "You surely must be happy and contented."

"I should be and am. Do you know, I don't think there is much happiness for mortals here on earth," she answered. "Our air castles come toppling down with a crash so many times, and life seems so dreary sometimes."

My sister, who was naturally endowed with an unusually cheerful spirit, drew her into conversation, and soon she became very cheerful. When we arose to go she smilingly said, "I am so sorry you must go. Do come again. Annie makes one forget there is any trouble in this world."

As we were going home I commented on Lillian's changed appearance. I inquired how Mr. Roberts could keep such a fine establishment, and was told by my sister that he was going down in business. He had given up his paper, and held no more prominent positions. It was said he made means by gambling.

"I sometimes think," said Annie, "if Lillian had children she would not feel so gloomy, for they would divert



her mind. She seldom goes into society now, and her health is not good. It would be good if she could get a divorce, but that is impossible. Our laws are so stringent it would cost hundreds of dollars to carry it through the courts. So the poor girl must bear her troubles the best she can."

Another year had quickly passed. I was again spending the holidays with Sister Annie. I inquired about Lillian. I was told she had given birth to a boy. We called to see her, and were conducted into the elegant parlor, where a bright fire was burning in the grate. The evening lamps had just been lit, which made the room look still more cheerful and pleasant. "How cosy and comfortable everything is," mused I. "Surely Lillian cannot feel so very unhappy."

Soon we were told that Lillian wished very much to see us, and as we passed into the neat room what a lovely sight met our gaze! There lay that youthful mother, joy depicted in every feature. White lace curtains fell gracefully around the bed, embroidered pillows, gown, and rich white counterpane made a beautiful contrast to the jet black hair and rosy cheeks, for it seemed as if Lillian had regained all her former beauty and cheerfulness. That silvery laugh rang out again as of yore, when she said, "Just look what a homely baby I have, but he is so sweet."

We certainly could not say he was pretty, as the nurse held the tiny little bundle of lace and ruffles to our view; but what matter? the little fellow had brought sunshine and gladness to Lillian's sad heart, and for a time after his birth her husband found greater pleasure at home than abroad. But somehow when I kissed her good-by I felt we never would behold her again

in such luxury and wealth, and so it proved.

"Dear Lillian," I said as we turned to go, "you do look splendid. Be cheerful and careful, and take good care of baby."

"Thank you," she answered. "I have not felt healthier or happier for a long time."

I knew it was the joy of motherhood which permeated her whole being. She had forgotten her real trouble for a time, as she gazed on that sweet face by her side.

Some years had passed, and with them came care and labor for our own little family, which made my visits less frequent to my native town. Death and sorrow had also visited us. When my mother left for Utah two young girls were going to accompany her. The eldest of those we persuaded to remain with us. My mother was much grieved. We told the girl of the fearful things that would befall her: she would be forced to marry into polygamy, and we repeated every evil tale we could hear, until she finally consented to remain. Often now I see that dear mother's sad face as she clasped her fond child to her breast and murmured, "God forgive them." O that we had but tasted the joys of the everlasting truth, how gladly would we have let our sister go! But God took her home. An epidemic of typhoid fever passed through that part, and she was one of the first victims. Also two of Sister Annie's children died. It was a sorrowful time. How we missed my sister! She staid with Annie and myself in turn. She was such a joyous, pleasant girl. One New Year's evening she left me and I never saw her in health again, for when I was called to her sick bed she did not recognize me.

I often reproached myself for persuading her to stay with us. But when my mother answered our letter telling of her death she said, "It's better so her death relieves me of much anxiety." We then thought it strange that mother should feel thus, but have since learned why.

During this time I seldom met Lillian, but when seen she was always accompanied by her little boy, Lloyd. Although plain-looking, he had the sweet smile and manners of his mother, who seemed to idolize him, while he in turn scarcely ever left her side, and had a great aversion for his father.

Lillian had grown gloomy, and was at times very melancholy, for misfortune seemed to have almost crushed the light out of her young life. Scarcely two years after the birth of her boy, the lovely home was sold; she returned to her mother. Her husband had become a street drunkard, and descended so low she never permitted him to see her or her boy.

Late one fall I unexpectedly made a visit to sister Annie. After the greetings were over, and we had talked of our late sorrows, she suddenly exclaimed, "Come into the kitchen. We have someone there, and I want to see if you'll know who it is."

As she opened the door there sat a human being in the form of a man, crouched behind the stove munching some food from a plate which he held in his hand. He wore ragged clothes, his hair was long and uncombed, he had straggling whiskers, and finger nails which resembled birds' claws.

He raised his head as we entered and I thought his face looked somewhat familiar.

"Is that Mr. Roberts?" said I.

She nodded her head.

"Where in the world did he come from?"

"My husband found him in the gutter, cold and starving and brought him in," answered my sister.

"What are you going to do with him?" I asked. "Does he not own anything?"

"No, indeed. He has been on the town for some time," said Annie. "We intend reporting him to the City Council, and try and have him sent to the London Asylum, as he is quite idiotic."

I wondered if that could really be the once dudish school trustee who used to visit our district school, with his white brocaded silk vest, foppish hat and short cane, which he kept constantly twirling as he talked. I beheld him in those days with an inward dislike, when schoolmaster admitted him, but now I could only say, "You poor, miserable creature; drink has done its work." They sent Mr. Roberts to the asylum, where with proper care he regained reason, but he decided to remain, as home, wife, family, and friends were all lost to him. The authorities of the asylum installed him as book-keeper. I never saw him again, but heard of late years that he died there, and thus ended the life of one who early in youth formed bad habits and sought evil companions. The last time I beheld Lillian in this life was in the year 1871, the year of the Chicago fire. I remember so well, the smoke from the Chicago fire and the Michigan timbers made the atmosphere in Canada so dense that the sun's rays were obstructed for many days, until some people thought the judgment day had come. In the fall my mother and brother returned to Canada to look after some of my father's property. During the long winter evenings many an hour



was spent by them in expounding the scriptures to us and explaining the glorious principles of the Gospel. They had written and told us them before, but we were proud, and paid no attention to their words. Now, however, we were more humble, and their words sank deep into our hearts. We forgot our former prejudices and the many falsehoods we had heard about the people of Utah, and realized the saying of our Savior, "Unless ye become as one of these little ones, ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Receiving the truth, we were anxious to emigrate. Lillian could scarcely believe we were really going; but in speaking of our intended departure she said, "I cannot help feeling that you will find a peaceful home there. I do think woman is more honored and respected in Utah, for I have lately learned how peaceful and pleasant their homes are. I do not blame you for seeking more congenial climes."

Finally the morning of our departure arrived. Lillian was there to bid us good-by. She had accompanied us to the station, walking slowly with little Lloyd by her side. We spoke of our hopes and expectations.

"O, how I do wish I could go with you for my dear boy's sake, for surely I could better shield him there from evil! Here where there is so much sin and corruption, oh, I do fear for my boy!" she warmly said, as her large black eyes filled with tears. She had not learned to love the Gospel, but her heart yearned for some happy spot on earth.

The train was coming. We tenderly embraced her and little Lloyd. I pressed my face against the window pane to catch a last glimpse of that sweet face

as the train slowly moved out; we regretted that we had not made an effort to take her with us, but she had never done a day's work in her life, had no means, and those who came to Utah then had to work or starve. Therefore, we had nothing to offer but the truth, and it was a question if she would accept that.

Eight years later my brother again returned to Canada as a missionary. Arriving in his native town he lost no time in calling upon Mrs. Gordon, for he thought if Lillian was still living he would offer her salvation, knowing if she would accept she could endure all things for the Gospel's sake.

Mrs. Gordon received him kindly, inquired if all was well with us. When my brother asked how and where Lillian was, she turned deathly pale, arose from her chair, beckoned him to follow her into the drawing-room, where we had danced as children many years before.

There sat Lillian, her long black hair hanging straight down her back, richly dressed, with a sceptre in her hand; but that vacant stare told the sad, sad tale—she was insane. There she sat in a high-back arm-chair, from morning until night, imagining she was a queen. Her mother asked her if she knew who my brother was, but she only swayed her sceptre while staring at him with those lifeless eyes. He turned away with sickening heart and smothered groan. He had come too late to help her on this earth.

Her mother said that after we left Canada Lillian grew more despondent and melancholy. She never desired to see anyone but her child and mother. The loss of her faculties came gradually upon her.

She never regained her reason. A

few years ago we heard she was dead, and I believe the work in the temple has been done for our dear, unfortunate Lillian. But, "As ye sow, so must ye reap."

If any should read this who are in doubt as to whether their parents' counsel is just right or not in regard to some important step they are about to take, think of the sad but true life and end of Lillian, and seriously reflect ere it is too late upon the words at the head of this article. Lillian's boy still lives. Let us hope he may sometime hear the good tidings and be numbered among us.

*Lotus.*

#### RIGHT THINKING.

A GREAT deal is said about right actions and wrong actions, and a great deal of time and labor are given to the forming of right habits of action. All this is well; but if we would lay the ax at the root of the tree, and do away with all wrong action by doing away with all wrong thinking, our course would be far more logical and far more successful. Thought is the fountain of action. The essence of murder is malicious intent; the essence of marriage is consent; and so of all actions, the moral and essential quality is in the thought that gives birth to the action. The general tenor of man's life will be as is the general tenor of his thought. If, like Vanderbilt, he loves money, and dwells on ways of making money, his life will be spent in money getting. If, like Byron, he delights in thinking of sensuous pleasures, his life will tend to voluptuousness. If, like Sumner, he likes learning, and delights in the acquisition of knowledge, he will accumulate books and haunt libraries, and cultivate the society of educated men.

If, like Howard, he is given to thoughts of benefaction and charity, his life will be one of benevolence. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

#### OUR TELL-TALE LIPS.

I HAVE noticed that the lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effort which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such movements. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the lankest part of the face; it can't in the least conceal its sensations. We can neither hide ill-temper with it, nor good: we can affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or, rather, it expresses the emotions, but in great detail and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of a trembling tenderness; of a sharp sorrow, or a full-breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of anxious care, of liberal sympathy. The mouth out of its many sensibilities may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eye—as many lights in a city reflect broad lustre into the heavens.

A MONEY-LENDER. He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future!

THE  
**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**Prayer and Necessity.**

THERE are very many people who believe that prayer to God is not necessary; that is, that God will not answer prayer; that if He knows the wants of His children He will supply them according to His good pleasure, and not because people pray to Him. Some of those who entertain this view will tell you that the only good result of prayers is that they benefit those who offer them by increasing reverence and keeping God in mind. They argue that it matters not whether men pray to God or not, they acknowledge Him as the Giver of all things, and that He will supply all their wants; but there is no use in praying for what you want. No doubt this belief is very popular even among many who call themselves Christians. We hope, however, that no Latter-day Saint entertains this view. It would be like a denial in our minds that God desires little children to pray unto Him, that He will listen to them and will answer their prayers when they pray unto Him, that He is their Father in Heaven and knows their wants, and will and does supply them.

The men and the women who do not pray to Him are of course protected and preserved by God; they are fed, clothed and furnished by His bounty; He sends His rain upon the just and the unjust, and even those who blaspheme and deny His goodness and

mercies, and those who even deny His existence, receive kindnesses at His hands. All this does not cause Him to withdraw His care entirely from them, and it is this mercy and compassion which the Lord has for His children that causes many of them to think that there is no God. They see the wicked enjoying every blessing, and, reasoning as poor, human, ignorant beings are apt to do they say: "There can be no God or if there be a God it is no use to pray to Him, because, see those people who do pray to Him; do they fare any better than those who do not? Aren't those who do not pray to Him prospered? Do they not have riches, and the good things of this life, just as much as those who do pray to Him? What is the use of praying to Him, where there is no sign that anyone has been benefited by it?" In this way these people reason, and think their reasoning is sound. But they know not the thoughts of the Lord nor His purposes. They do not even know the thoughts and the feelings of those who serve Him and of those who pray unto Him. They are incapable of judging any of these things.

It is not wealth or seeming prosperity that is an evidence of God's favor, any more than it is not poverty or adversity that is the evidence of God's displeasure. There are times when poverty and adversities are much greater blessings than wealth and prosperity—their effect upon the human character is better and more elevating. The poor man may have a fountain of joy within him that fills his soul with pure happiness and which the rich man may know nothing of. It is a very great mistake for mankind to measure God's goodness and mercies by their own standard. The man or the woman or the child

who prays to God, and does so in sincerity, will receive blessings from Him that will fill the soul with unspeakable joy and happiness. If in poverty, it weighs lightly upon them, for they rejoice in it, knowing that God is their friend, and that He blesses them in the things which are best adapted for their future exaltation.

Suppose mankind were to judge, as some do in this other case, concerning the Savior: He was the Son of God, He was one of the Godhead, at the time He came to this earth. The most exalted of beings, He descended below all things. He was born in a stable—think of it, what a lowly condition to be in! Who is there, speaking as mankind generally do, that would not feel ashamed of the poverty of his parents, if he had to say he was born in a stable, and that his cradle was a manger, a place for horses and cows? What could be more lowly than this, and what could be more humble than a refuge in a stable?

Now, what greater evidence can the Lord give His children that poverty is not so bad a condition, than in allowing His only Son to be born under such surroundings as He was? If we were to judge from men's standard, the Savior ought to have been born in the richest palace on earth, surrounded by troops of servants, and with all the splendor possible for mortal to obtain. But not so. Earthly riches could not contribute to His glory, they could not add to His greatness nor add to His advantages. Is not this a lesson that should be remembered by all of mankind? Shall we measure the goodness of God by the wealth that men enjoy? To do this would be a great mistake, and it would be a great injustice to God and ourselves. Jesus should be our example.

He taught His disciples and all who listened to Him to pray. He did so Himself. If there is anyone, who, after studying His life and the sacrifices that He made, thinks that it is not necessary to pray to Him, Jesus, our Savior, our Redeemer and our God, that person is making a great mistake which he or she will have to suffer for. It might be thought by many that it was not necessary for Jesus to pray. But no; He constantly prayed to His Father, He humbled Himself before Him; He sought His blessing and His aid; He went into solitary places and alone, and on mountain heights, and spent nights in prayer to His Father in heaven. Did not His Father know what He wanted? Certainly He did, just as He knows what all His children want; but that did not prevent the Savior from praying. It was His duty to pray, and to exercise faith; to ask for and through faith to obtain, blessings from His Father. So it is with us. We should pray constantly. When we do not pray with our voices, we should pray in our hearts and should humble ourselves constantly before the Lord, and plead with Him for assistance, and for guidance in the right way of life. We should ever pray to Him to give unto us His Holy Spirit, so that it will help us and warn us of dangers, and that we may always feel that His influence is around us every day. He has shown the Latter-day Saints the right way to live in order to enjoy the blessings which He has promised to His children if they are faithful to Him and keep His commandments.

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THE man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

## MT. BLANC MONUMENT.

It is a little more than seven years since the inhabitants of the lovely valley of Chamounix, in Switzerland, and

the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The exact date of the happy occasion was August 28, 1887—the one-hundredth anniversary of the ascent of the lordly



THE MONUMENT AT THE FOOT OF MT. BLANC, SWITZERLAND.

assembled friends from many parts of the continent of Europe, witnessed the unveiling of the beautiful monument which the artist has here reproduced for

Mont Blanc by the scientist De Saussure, who is represented as the leading figure on the monument. The attendant—and the more animated personage

represented—is the famous Alpine guide, Jacques Balmat, who piloted the bold scientist to the mountain's summit, and who, even a year earlier, had made two successful ascents, the second time being in company with a doctor of the vicinity. While the statuary is intended to commemorate the first trip to the top of the splendid peak, it is accordingly correct only in so far as the guide is concerned; for, as already stated, De Saussure was not even the first of scientific education to make known the possibility of the dangerous undertaking. Nevertheless, he was a devoted and enthusiastic student of nature in all her Alpine moods and aspects, and by reason of his researches, explorations and discoveries he fairly deserves some such memorial as this. It stands at the foot of the matchless mountain which he was at least among the first to scale and the very earliest to study and describe, and it represents him as gazing joyfully at the prospect of success in the journey to which the sturdy guide is pointing the way. The figures rest upon huge boulders of granite, of which the mass of the mountain is composed; and all that portion of the monument which is seen in the picture occupies the center of a small grassy plateau, which in turn is enclosed in an iron railing and which forms the top of an immense granite pedestal. If ever you should go to Switzerland and should see the glorious old mountain, remember its early perilous ascent by the learned Genevan naturalist and his trusty guide; and if ever you should go near enough to it to enter the valley of Chamounix, you should by all means approach its broad base and see for yourself this monument there standing in memory of the union of science and daring, of genius and

intrepidity which are sure of success.

By way of historical reminder it will here be proper to state that De Saussure was born in Geneva in 1740, and died in 1799. He was an ardent student of natural science and was one of the most noted and thorough of his time. Botany, geology, chemistry and kindred branches he explored to their very depths, and his published works show not only the scope of his researches but the almost prophetic foresight with which his mind dwelt upon conclusions still to be reached. He was the inventor, too, of various improved scientific instruments, and was withal a legislator of a high order of ability and a public spirited citizen possessed of rare patriotism. The cost of the monument at Chamounix to his memory was defrayed by the Swiss, French, English, Austrian, Italian and American Alpine clubs, by a contribution from the French Academy of Sciences and by various municipal and private subscriptions.

Mont Blanc is easily the most remarkable mountain peak in Europe, if not in the world. It rises in the form of a pyramid to the height of 15,788 feet above sea level, and to the west it is visible at a distance of 130 miles. The perils of its ascent have now in great measure passed away, owing to the familiarity of the guides with the easiest routes, and to chalets and other accommodations on the way. It is annually climbed by many tourists, and during recent years a fatal accident has been quite rare. Still, the journey is never altogether free from danger; and the uncertainty as to having a clear view, even when the summit has been reached, causes the whole venture to be regarded by matter-of-fact people generally as not worth the risk and the expense involved. C.



## AMONG THE LAPS.

I AM told that there is an encampment of Laps near at hand, with their sledges, dogs, and reindeer. Let us hurry down to the lake, and take a peep at these strange visitors.

We know that the wandering Lap has no settled home, and that in the short, bright summer months he takes his only possessions and property, the reindeer, to the feeding grounds where the sweet moss it loves thrives so well. They must be driven near the sea-shore this hot weather, or they will be worried to death by the stinging mosquitoes and other insects which abound.

Listen! Do you hear that far-off wild halloo? It is the call of a Lap to his reindeer. Come on; we shall soon get a view of the herd.

Well, I must confess to being a little disappointed. I expected a large, dark, stately animal, and these look a little like dirty white cows, and their antlers are many of them stumpy and broken. But what a crowd! Watch them as on they come by dozens, by scores, one jostling mass of tossing antlers and soft, bright eyes. Now they have stopped on the other side of a very cold river. Never mind, little companion, we must get near them. So take a plunge, and come out on the other bank, all dripping, to the great amusement of two brown young Laps, who, branch in hand, are driving the herd to their encampment.

What short, active, sharp little folks they are; what big heads and flat faces, and long black hair. No mistake about their being real Laps. They have such wide cheek-bones, and narrow, half-opened eyes, but they look very good-natured, if not very good-looking. The boy nudges his sister, and they both stop, and stare shyly at us, and I dare say think us funny-looking people.

Shall I tell you how they are dressed?

The boy wears a tunic made of sheep-skin, the woolly side in, long peaked shoes made of reindeer-skin, and a red pointed nightcap, with a tassel at the end.

As to his sister, she has on a short woolen frock reaching to her sturdy bare brown legs; her long black hair hangs down her back; and slung round her neck is a coarse linen bag, which she fills with the fine moss she gathers on the way, and which she will require presently, when milking the reindeer.

They are Swedish Laps, and know very little of my language, or I of theirs; but I will try and talk to them, as I should like to go on and see the milking; it will be something so different to that in the dairy at home.

The girl points out the kind of moss which the reins eat. Yes, it is short now, but it will be long in winter. It is all the poor animals get to eat for the nine cold winter months; but here, so near Sweden, it hardly ever fails, even in winter. Her people always come to Swedish Lapland in winter time.

Now we come to a stop at a marshy spot, where great masses of long, narrow grass grow, and she gathers a thick bunch of it, while the boy makes me understand that it is good and useful when the cold winter days set in. They will dry it, and stuff great pads of it into their loose reindeer-skin boots, to keep their toes from being chilled and frost-bitten; he hints it will do far better than my useless stockings, at which he sneers contemptuously.

Every now and then the two children run, shouting after the lagging herd hounds. I gladly run after them to help, followed by the tiny yapping reindeer dogs at our heels.

What a loud clicking noise the rein-

deer make as they walk on, rattling their horny antlers, against each other and their cloven feet on the stony ground! I cannot help thinking how wonderful everything is adapted in nature; for just as the camel's foot is padded and suitable for the hot, dry sand of the desert, so is the reindeer's broad hoof, spreading as it touches the ground, calculated to tread on the snow where so much of its traveling is done.

I notice, too, that they keep their mouths open like dogs as they go along snorting loudly, closely following after their leader, a fine tall fellow, with a bell hung round his neck, by way of distinction. But here we are at the Lap encampment, which consists of two large summer huts of the rudest construction, before which are enclosures formed by stumps and branches of trees and poles.

As we reach these enclosures, we see the people of the tribe come shambling oddly along (they all walk uneasily, as though they have tight shoes on) to meet us. They are all bustling about bareheaded, with their hands full of all things necessary for the great business of milking, bringing clumsy kegs and pots, barrels, and bowls, while thongs of dried reindeer-skin and ropes of all kinds are slung about their shoulders and necks.

All these things are put close beside the inner fence, and now the Laps, men, women and children, collect together, not to mention a crowd of dogs that come thronging from all parts. They take very little notice of me, except to ask for "drikke penge," which I know means "drink money."

And now business begins. All the reins are driven into the enclosure. Such a bustling, moving crowd as we make, people, reins, and dogs, not to

forget the funny, shy, brown children, as busy as anybody.

I have made great friends with my little guide, by giving her the whole of a very large cake which I had in my pocket, and she finds time to say a few quiet words to me now and then amid all the noise and din that succeed.

"Look, master," she says, as I stand feeling rather bewildered, in a corner, "I want to show you our little baby."

Yes, amid all the stir and noise, the barking of dogs and cries of men, sleeps a tiny Lap baby in its quaint cradle, hanging on a pole. Such a cradle! Have you ever heard of the North American mothers, who lay their infants in a piece of hollow bark, and slinging this on their backs, carry them many a mile through the forest? Well, though this one is very differently fashioned to those rustic nests, it somehow reminds me of them. The very tiny cradle in shape is like an old, old-fashioned shoe, the sort of one which the old woman in the nursery rhyme lived in, with a high back, and turned up at the toes. It is made of dried rein-skin, and over one end is bent a kind of half hoop, above which is fastened a piece of stuff so tightly drawn that I wonder how any child can possibly breathe under it; and then I peep and try to get a glimpse of the little brown sleeper.

"Mustn't," says my little guide, "if we uncover my baby sister, the hungry mosquitoes will get at it, and worry and sting it." Knowing how likely that is, I have to be content with watching the milkers, who evidently wonder what I have come there for, but are too busy just now to trouble much about it.

Imagine a motley crowd of fifty men and women; though I must say it is difficult to tell which is which, for they

are all dressed alike in deer or sheep-skin dresses, and all have thick, long, rough, dark hair shaking over their brown faces; and they all wear knives stuck in their leather belts, decorated with grass ornaments, which rattle as they move.

The first thing to be done is to catch the animal; no easy matter, as you will see.

First a Lap twists a long thong, made of dried skin, by both ends round his left hand, and holding the middle loosely, singles out the rein he wants to catch, and standing at some distance, flings the lasso end over its long branching antlers. Sometimes the creature, if it be old or tired, gives in at once, knowing very well it will have to do so sooner or later; but, as a rule, it has a struggle for it, flying round and round the enclosure, while at the other end of the cord runs the hot and angry master or mistress, holding on like grim death, every now and then rolling over headlong in the dirt and sand; then scrambling up and running again, shouting, threatening and pulling, until the tired quarry gives in, and submits to be muzzled and tied to a tree, though even then some of them struggle desperately before they will let the poor milker fill the wooden bowl with the sweet milk, thick and rich as our best cream—so rich that I can drink but little at a time out of the bowl my guide hands me.

The milking lasts for a very long time but I do not get tired in a hurry; it is such a novel and strange sight. Even the odd little children, in their one sheep-skin garment, are busy catching the smaller reins, flinging their stout cords and getting rolled in the dust, now laughing with delight, now crying with disappointment when their prey missed the cord and escaped to their

mothers, all adding to the general disturbance.

Great patches of loose hair fly off the hunted animals. This the women collect to put under the rein-skins, which stretched on the cold ground form the sole bed; for these poor people live in about as wretched a hut as you can imagine, a mere shapeless mass of earth, sticks, stones, and mud, with a doorway, a fire, and a hole to let the smoke out and the air in. I take a peep into one of these dark "games," and find it a small, square place, full of smoke, with wattled walls black with soot. In the center are arrayed some rough stones, on which a fire is burning; all around this are spread the rein-skin beds; and the only furniture I see are some casks, a large iron pot, and some horn spoons carved in rather an ornamental fashion.

Reindeer are found in all the cold northern countries. Indeed, I don't know what the poor Esquimaux people who live there would do without them. They draw sledges over miles of snow-covered country, and then carry their master and his luggage on their necks. When living, their milk is most valuable; when dead, their flesh is food, their skin serves for clothing, their horns are cut into spoons and many other useful articles.

The deer cannot carry any great weight, but it can bear a pack-saddle or a rider on his neck; but no stirrups can be used, or any kind of support for the feet. Let us fancy ourselves in Northern Lapland, and see what riding on a reindeer is like.

Poor thing! I hardly like to mount; it seems cruel, when I know that its back is so weak that the least weight hurts it. The deer here look extra small too, I think; but perhaps that is be-

cause their fur-clad owners, who are watching me, are so bundled up in their long garments that they look extra big.

I know that mounting a reindeer for the first time requires a good deal of courage, and a great disregard of bumps, but give me a "polka," and I will try what I can do.

I don't mean a dance, but a long stick, without which my task would be an impossible one—a long pole, having a small hoop fastened to one end, to prevent its slipping. This I must hold with my left hand, while I grasp the deer's neck with my right, which also holds the rein. Then I place my right foot in the saddle and give a light spring into my place: at least I mean to do so, but all the skin about my deer's neck is so loose that somehow the saddle won't keep steady, but empties me out all in a hurry on my nose in the snow.

All the bundled-up men and little fur-clad boys laugh loudly at my tumble. But never mind; I try and try again, and am quite bruised and tender by the time I am able to get into my saddle, and stay there for a short time.

Shall I whisper that at last I have consented to be helped on to my place, and that I am very uncomfortable now I am there, for the loose skin tips the saddle first one way, then the other, and it is with the greatest ado that I can balance myself at all. If I sneeze, even, over I shall go.

By-and-by we come to very deep snow, and then my difficulties increase. I am often obliged to get down and follow my antlered steed on foot, and desperate hot work I find it, for as the reins all follow their leader in a line, always treading in his track, putting their feet exactly in the holes where

he put his, I am obliged to take immense strides over the great heaps of snow left between each footstep, and soon find myself all in a perspiration, and ready to drop with fatigue, but still obliged to stride on.

I wonder what those blackened poles are, standing in a circle yonder. Somebody says they are the remains of inclosures where fires were once lighted to keep away the troublesome mosquitoes. The poor worried deers crowded together in the smoke, where their tiny tormentors could not follow them.

Then we pass the tracks of wolves, bears, foxes, and otters, and we see tiny field-mice darting about quite boldly. Oh, dear! I wonder how much farther we have to go before we come to a village. I feel as if I was nearly shaken to pieces.

We pass some men who are taking home the dead body of a bear; it is lying on a rough sledge, and two poor, miserable horses are dragging and hauling it along. I wonder what they think of our scrambling party. As to me, I am very cross, tired, frightened of wolves, and half shaken to death, yet after all, I have enjoyed my journey among the Laps.

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CULTIVATE consideration for the feelings of other people if you would not have your own injured. Those who complain most of ill-usage are those who abuse themselves and others the oftenest.

DARWIN acknowledged himself sold when his little niece asked him seriously what a cat has which no other animal has. He gave it up after mature deliberation and then the sly little puss answered, "*Kittens.*"

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

**Irrigation--In Kansas and in Utah.**

SOME weeks since an invitation was extended me to visit and deliver an address at the meeting of the Kansas Irrigation Association to be held in the latter part of November at Hutchison, Kansas; and it was thought better for me to accept. The gentlemen tendering it complimented me on the remarks which I had made at the Denver Irrigation Congress, and said that such an address, relating to our experiences in Utah, would have a good effect in encouraging the people of Western Kansas, many of whom had abandoned their homes, because of the many difficulties they had to contend with through having had several seasons of drouth. I was able to obtain a very good idea of the conditions of affairs in Kansas, and especially in its western portions. The partial, and in some instances the total failure of crops in those parts has aroused great interest in the subject of irrigation. The people were compelled to look around and seriously consider what method they could adopt that would enable them to raise crops. A great many had become discouraged in what seemed the semi-arid region because they saw no prospect before them to make farming profitable. In the early part of their season sufficient rain falls to give the crops a good start but when the summer comes, accompanied with hot winds which frequently blow during the heated spell, everything planted is shriveled and scorched as by a fire, and there being no rain, vegetation perishes. It seems a strange statement to make, but farmers throughout that region if they have fruit or vegetables are compelled to purchase them;

and it was stated that many families live without them.

In riding on the railroad through that region the resident of Utah is impressed with the seeming neglect of the people in planting trees. But this is not due so much to neglect as to the want of water. The homes are bare and desolate-looking, being destitute of that which makes our lovely homes in Utah so charming—the presence of trees and gardens. In parts of Kansas water can be found at a depth varying from eight to thirty feet, and in Garden City, a place which I was strongly pressed to visit, the people have succeeded by the use of wind-mills in raising this water to the surface and thus irrigating their land. Indeed, this small city is notable as a place where irrigation has been conducted in a most successful manner. Good results have followed; the people have small holdings, cultivate them intensely, and the result is that they make a good living. In other places in the same region the farmers are doing the same, and encouraging reports were made to the Association by a member who had himself resorted to irrigation.

No doubt the result of the meeting at Hutchison will be to give encouragement and stimulus to plans for adoption in every part of the State where irrigation is practical. It is confidently believed that in sections where this subterraneous water is found, the surface of the land can be amply irrigated without danger of exhausting the source of supply. In other parts, water can be obtained from streams, and in parts where there are neither underground supply nor streams of continuous water on the surface, reservoirs can be created without very great expense into which the occasional streams of water

and the surplus rainfall can be conducted.

I have always felt thankful that the Lord led His people to the valleys which we now call Utah; but my appreciation of His goodness and kindness has been greatly increased by this visit. Kansas was supposed to be a much superior land to ours; but the feeling concerning this has greatly changed. Utah is now looked upon as the most favored region of all the western country. The agricultural system adopted by President Brigham Young, and others associated with him, is now looked upon as the model—the one to be imitated—as it has produced the best and highest results for the people. Our methods of irrigation, our system of dividing the land into small holdings and having diversified crops, are all pointed to as models for the rest of the country to take as examples. It has been the policy in our Territory from the beginning for every farmer to strive to produce everything possible for the sustenance of the family depending upon him. It has been a matter of pride among us for a man to be able to point to his table and say, "Nearly everything on my table has been produced by myself and family." This course has insured comfort, and to a certain extent independence. When a family produce their own vegetables and fruits, their own milk, butter and cheese, their own eggs and poultry, and their own meat, they cannot help but be prosperous and in a very independent position. There are a great many families in Utah that are in this position, and have to buy very little to supply their daily wants in the shape of food. This is undoubtedly the true system for a people in our situation, and with our small holdings of land; but it is not the policy that has been

pursued in many other places: large farms are cultivated, and one or two varieties of crops are raised; most farmers devote their entire land to corn or to wheat, or perhaps to oats or barley, and pay no attention to vegetables or to fruits. This is of common occurrence in Kansas; but the meeting that has been referred to, and the publications that are now being made, are likely to a large extent to show the people the advantage of a different system of agriculture, the necessity of dividing the land into small holdings, and of inviting settlers to come in so as to increase the population.

Wonderful interest is being taken in irrigation. It seems to be a subject that the people were willing to listen to, and all the information that could be given them concerning it was listened to with eagerness. They are thoroughly aroused, and it is probable that it will be considered in a very thorough and scientific manner. While listening to the speeches that were made, and witnessing the deep interest that was felt by farmers and others, it appeared to me that we in Utah will have to arouse ourselves to keep abreast of the advance that is likely to be made in methods pertaining to this subject. It is acknowledged now that we are in the lead—we are looked upon as the fathers of irrigation. Great credit is awarded us for that which we have done; but if we will keep the lead in these matters we must exercise ourselves and take more interest in this important subject than we have done, or others will outstrip us in the results that they will work out in its methods.

Meetings should be held in all of our counties, and associations should be formed. Farmers should come together and compare notes, and give each other



the benefits of their experience. In this way alone can we expect to keep up with the advance in irrigation methods. This is what they are doing in other places. They are teaching each other how to use water to the best advantage, and when to apply it to have the best results. They are rapidly obtaining knowledge concerning the possibilities of water, and what it can accomplish. Upon all these points they are going to great expense in many places to secure the skill of the best hydraulic engineers. Now, there is no reason why all this cannot be done in Utah as well as in other places. In many parts of our Territory our system of irrigation is slovenly and careless; water is wasted, or is not applied at the right time and in the right way; discrimination is not used in its application to the various crops. The results are that we do not raise fruit, and vegetables, and grains in such quantities and of such quality as can be done where greater care is used. By having associations formed in the various counties and perhaps in the various wards, much of this important subject could be studied, and the people could profit by the experiences of each other.

I thought that when I returned home I would urge this upon the people, for I feel that great good would result in such a system if it were adopted; it would result in great improvements and in the better and more careful cultivation of our farms and the more economical consumption of water. It will not do for us, who have done so much in reclaiming the desert, to sit down supinely and allow others to surpass us in the very pursuits in which we have earned the credit of pioneers and the honor of fathers.

*The Editor.*

#### REMARKABLE HEALINGS.

THE following manifestations of the power of God in healing the sick according to the faith of those who believe in the ordinance of the laying on of hands, were related by Apostle Heber J. Grant to the writer. We take pleasure in reproducing them because of the desire to encourage the spirit among the Latter-day Saints to seek in the ordinances of the Gospel relief from their bodily afflictions, instead of placing so much confidence in the power and skill of men. While it is wise to use the skill God gives us and which men acquire through study, it is particularly desirable that the Latter-day Saints should unite the same with the gift of faith. We believe the exercise of faith would save many of the people from death in accordance with the promises which are made to us in the holy scriptures:

A child of a friend of Apostle Grant, who resides in Salt Lake City, was afflicted with that dread disease diphtheria. One of the most skillful physicians in the Territory had it under his care, and seemingly did everything that human wisdom could suggest to give the child relief. The parents, too, were extremely careful and attentive, and nothing was left undone which seemed essential to its recovery. All efforts, however, were vain. On meeting the doctor one morning, Brother Grant inquired after the health of the girl, who was a relative of his. The doctor said there was no doubt in his mind that she would die. The father was almost distracted, upon learning the doctor's opinion, at the thought of parting with his beloved daughter, and requested the prayers of Brother Grant in her behalf.

Brother Grant offered an earnest

prayer to the Lord, asking the life of the child, if it was in accordance with His will. When he had finished he felt impressed that if he would go and find Brother John Henry Smith and in his company go and administer to the girl, that the Lord would heal her.

He followed this impression, and when they together went to the house where the child was sick, they were asked by the father if they did not fear that they would carry the disease to their own homes. They answered, "Not in the least."

When they entered the child's room, the mother manifested a spirit of utter hopelessness in regard to the recovery of her child. Nevertheless the Elders administered to it, and shortly after they left the room the little girl told her father that while the ordinance of administration was being performed the fearful pain in her head which had previously tortured her ceased, and relief was experienced. A change for the better took place. The improvement continued and the child's life was spared.

Brother Grant was in Washington in the spring of 1893, where his children were seized with this same disease, diphtheria. He experienced a terrible time in waiting upon the children. All seemed to be progressing nicely excepting his daughter Lucy, upon whose system the affliction seemed to have the strongest hold. Administrations were frequent, and all possible faith of his family at home, of the brethren in Washington, as well as those at home, who knew of the case, was exercised for the recovery of the child.

The lady, at whose house the afflicted family were stopping, was a spiritualist, and one day she went to her medium for consultation concerning the sick

children. The medium told her that she had a family in her house which was troubled with a serious disease. This family, she stated, had come a distance of many, many hundreds of miles, and then said she saw one of the children getting better, but the younger one (which was Lucy) was being carried out of the house in a coffin.

It looked for a time as though her statement would be verified, though the faith of Brother Grant did not waver. He called President George Q. Cannon, who was then in Washington, to administer to Lucy, and to Brother Grant's great joy, President Cannon promised the child without any hesitation that she should be restored to health and strength. These words were verified to the astonishment of the landlady, who, when Brother Grant was about to leave for home, told him of her expectation that a funeral would occur at her house, "For," said she, "the medium told me that the child would die."

Brother Grant told her that it was the devil who was the author of that communication, and he had tried to take the child's life, but the power of the Priesthood and the power of God, which were superior to that of the adversary, had conquered, and the healing resulted therefrom.

ELDER J. T. LOVETT, who is laboring as a missionary in England, in writing to one of his friends in Salt Lake City, relates the following incident in his experience, which no doubt will prove of interest to our readers:

"Last Sunday week my companion and I left for Chesterfield, to hold meetings there. On my arrival I had a strange feeling come over me, and was prompted to go back to Sheffield, but,

having just left that place, I tried to persuade myself that it was only my imagination. The strange feeling never left me during the whole day, and on Monday I said, 'It is no use, I must go back to Sheffield,' and so I returned. On my arrival at Sister Bailey's house in Sheffield I inquired what was the matter. The folks informed me that there was nothing the matter in the neighborhood, only that Brother Price had been taken very sick just as I left the city the day before, and had sent for me, but that he was better now.

"This circumstance I concluded was what led to my receiving the impression that I should return, and on receiving this information I dismissed the feeling of anxiety that had taken hold of me. It was not long before the feeling came back, so I retired and prayed to the Lord to let me know what I should do.

"The district<sup>e</sup> my companion and I have to visit is very large, and I was anxious to get around as early as possible. After praying for guidance I sat down and began to write. While doing so the Spirit said to me as plainly as ever I heard a man speak, 'Get up and go to Brother Jessop's; you are wanted there.'

"I immediately arose, put on my hat and overcoat and started off in obedience to the instructions of the Spirit. Sister Bailey was so surprised at my sudden movement that she inquired if there was anything the matter. I said there was nothing the matter with her, but there was something the matter at Brother Jessop's. On my arrival at the latter's house the whole family was filled with joy at seeing me. They invited me up stairs where one of Brother Jessop's daughters was lying sick with typhoid fever.

"They had been praying to the Lord for Him to send some of us Elders to them, as the girl was so sick. They asked me to administer to her. I first inquired if they had any oil. They had none; so I laid my hands on the girl, as she was in so much pain, and it eased her. Then I asked them to get some oil, which they did, and after consecrating it I anointed her with it and administered to her again. The fever left her entirely; but as she was still suffering pain I administered to her once more, and in less time than it takes to tell it she was entirely healed, although her body was weak. So you will see that the Lord is still with His servants and answers prayers.

"The doctor who was attending the child, cannot understand how such a sudden change has been wrought. When he visited her before she was administered to he said her pulse beat at the rate of 160 times a minute, and afterwards he found it in a normal condition. He wants to know what they have had done for her. The neighbors too are very much surprised at the great change."

#### IN EARLY DAYS.

HERE is one more picture connected with the scenes of my early life, which I take pleasure in presenting to my young readers. The lake here represented is known as Silver Lake. It is but a small body of water, less than a mile across in its widest part. It is only a short distance from the old Mormon schoolhouse, a picture and description of which I presented to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in Volume 29. Its close proximity to the place where meetings were held in the early days of the Church in that part of the country—Pontiac, Michigan—made it a very

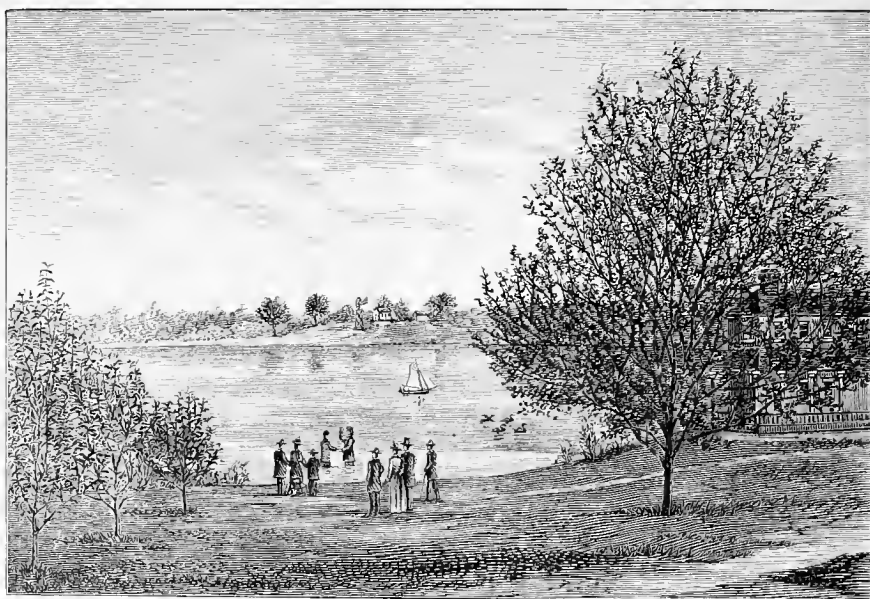
convenient place for baptizing converts.

In the fall of 1833 I was baptized in this lake, being then but thirteen years of age. Although so young, the Lord had witnessed to me the truth of the message borne by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and in meekness I obeyed its requirements.

Sixty years subsequent to being baptized I visited my old home in Michigan and while standing on the banks of the beautiful Silver Lake, near where the group of persons is represented in

significant event. In fact it was one to be long remembered by the people of the whole country who witnessed it.

Early one morning in September, 1833, while I stood on the banks of the lake, near the house and wind mill on the opposite side, O what a lovely yet fearful scene spread out before me! The whole heavens were alive with shooting stars, as if every fixed star above had left its station, shooting this way and that way. Some of them appeared to fall almost to the surface of



SILVER LAKE.

the picture, I fixed my kodac and took a photographic view of it. Of course the group of people and the personages in the water attending to the ordinance of baptism were not a part of the scene presented at that time; but I got the artist to insert this part as a remembrance of my baptism, and also to add attraction to the picture.

One more item I wish to mention in connection with this scene. It is mentioned in the history of the Church as a

the silvery lake before being extinguished. The reflection on the lake was simply grand; pen or tongue is inadequate to express the grandeur of the scene of the falling stars.

At that time I was carrying the mail from Pontiac to Plymouth, Wayne County, Michigan, a distance of forty miles and return, which I covered once each week. All along the route the topic of the falling stars was spoken about. Many were fearful, others sur-

prised, some believed the day of judgment had come, and all were filled with consternation. To me I accepted it as one of the signs of the last days spoken of in Matthew, 24th chapter. About that time also three black spots could be seen on the sun through a piece of smoked glass. At the time I saw this grand sign I was living in the house indicated on the opposite bank of Silver Lake, with a Doctor Richardson, who designed to make a doctor of me, but fate ordered it otherwise.

*Edward Stevenson.*

### SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES.

(By students of the Rhetoric Classes, B. Y. Academy.)

#### An Abundant Crop.

AN old settler of Sanpete County, a gentleman of good repute, tells the following story:

"When I first came to the place where Ephraim is situated, thirty-five years ago, I found one man located on the only stream of water that flowed through the greasewood waste. This man was trying to raise a crop of grain. I say trying, for the water was so scarce that his prospects were most discouraging. The following spring I came and settled near him. I concluded to raise a few bushels of wheat that my family might have a taste of bread again. We had then not tasted bread for months. I tried from settlement to settlement to get a little seed, but was unable to do so before I reached Cottonwood. At this place I persuaded a man to let me have a peck of wheat, for which he charged me the small (?) sum of five dollars.

"When I returned my wife was greatly pleased with my success, and showed by deed as well as by word that she was anxious to do the best she

could toward making our first attempt at farming in Utah a success.

"We set to work immediately with the rude implements I could obtain to prepare the soil. This done, I scratched a small furrow, into which my wife dropped the seed. When our work was done we found that the grain had been spread over an acre of ground.

"It is strange how I managed to keep the grain alive, as water was so very scarce at that time. The wheat grew beautifully, however, nor did it ripen before its natural time. "After harvesting and threshing were over, I found that my talent had been increased one hundred and sixty fold, or, in other words, from the one peck of wheat sown I raised forty bushels."

*Daniel Rasmussen.*

#### A SIGN IN THE HEAVENS.

ON the night of August 19th of this present year (1894) our choir in Mill Ward, Uintah Stake, held a rather long practice and did not leave the hall until about midnight. As we came out into the open air some one remarked, "Daylight is coming." Upon looking overhead we beheld an arc of what seemed bright daylight spanning the north-eastern sky, the center being about fifteen degrees above the mountains. In about ten minutes shafts of light, resembling sharp pointed spears, shot up to near the zenith, where they spread out forming what had the appearance of a sea of blood stretching from the eastern to the western horizon.

As we were gazing upon the grand scene, an opening of light appeared in the western end of the dark red belt, or sea of blood, and passing through the belt disappeared, or was closed in at the west. As it passed in front of us a young lady of our party observed:

"That looks like a man's foot with a moccasin on;" and indeed it bore somewhat that resemblance.

The display was grand in the extreme and lasted about an hour.

*Ira N. Jacob.*

#### GOING UP.

MOST of those who have risen, says John Hall, D. D., never contemplated their elevation from below, but set themselves to do the present duty, rose a little by doing it; did well the work put into their hands, rose again in consequence; the idea, the hope, and the pleasure of rising becoming stronger with each step. The ideal of what could be obtained has concurrently risen also, so that there has never been wanting a stimulus to effort; and as the result they find themselves, with a pleased surprise, where they never expected to be.

Is the rise, then, accidental? By no means. On the contrary, there are few cases of going up, or going down, about which there is much mystery. Here is a rising man, not a genius, but he has steady, reliable, plodding ways. Men can trust him. He is always at his post, and very much the same from year to year. His good sense inspires far more confidence than the smartest wit, or the most dashing manner if there is a grain of dishonesty in it.

NOT responsible mother: "To think that my little Ethel should have spoken so impertinently to papa today at dinner! She never hears me talk in that way to him."

Ethel (stoutly): "Well, but you choosed him and I didn't."

#### LEARN THE VALUE OF MONEY.

A SILVER dollar represents a day's work of the laborer. If it is given to a boy, he has no idea of what it has cost, or of what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn his dimes and dollars by the sweat of his face, he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represent a hundred weary days' labor, and it seems a great sum of money. A thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to possess. When he has earned a dollar he thinks twice before he spends it. He wants to invest it so as to get the full value of a day's work for it. It is a great wrong to society and to a boy to bring him up to a man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at twenty-one, without it, is almost inevitably thrown away. With it, and a little capital to start on, he will make his own fortune better than anyone can make it for him.

A DESCRIPTION of Japanese life given by Professor Morse shows a pleasant relation existing between the human and the brute creation. Birds build their nests in the city houses, wild fowl, geese and ducks alight in the public parks wild deer trot about the streets. He had actually been followed by wild deer in the streets, nibbling melon rind out of his hand as tame as calves and lambs on our farms. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest streets; men turn aside so as not to disturb him.



**PREHISTORIC ARIZONA.**

THAT Arizona was inhabited before the dawn of history and by a people, perhaps two races of people, well advanced in the art of civilization, is beyond question, says the *Waverley Magazine*. Proofs of their presence for perhaps thousands of years are to be found in the lakes, mounds, ruined cities and canals which abound along the Salt and Gila rivers from the point of their inception to their confluence with the Colorado.

The jutting Colorado, the Verde, and the San Diego all show many traces of a people which roamed in a certain civilization, and who have for a least a thousand years been extinct.

The peculiar dryness of the atmosphere has had a wonderful effect in protecting the ancient relics from the ravages of time. In the mounds which are scattered through the country, and which represent ruined houses, may be found ollas filled with parched corn and beans in as good a state of preservation as they were the day they were hidden from the elements by the fearful sand-storm that must have prevailed when they were buried.

The loaves in the ash-covered ovens of Pompeii were preserved on the same principle. The fine sand of the desert must have spread over everything, and they were thus preserved as the mute historians of a vanished race. Their erection of concrete buildings throughout the country shows the lost people to have been well versed in the construction of edifices adapted to the region and its climatic changes.

By far the most interesting remains of this people are their network of canals which prevail through all the valleys of the territory. The longest is the one tapping the Gila River, and

which supplied with water the ancient city, now only marked by one standing building. This is the Casa Grande, about which so much has been written and which has excited so much interest among archaeologists during the last ten years. This canal was fifty-five miles in length, and for most of the distance twenty-eight feet in width, with a depth of sixteen feet. The volume of water taken out of the river must have been immense, for it supported both the animal and vegetable life of a valley containing millions of acres. In places this canal has become filled with drifting sand, but for the most part its course is easily traced.

One of the most notable specimens of these canals is in the Salt River valley and only three miles from the present city of Phoenix. It taps the Salt River opposite Tempe, and for two miles runs almost parallel with that stream. The old headgate is partly standing, and for this distance the ditch is perfectly open, and all that would be necessary for it to supply the country with water again would be to open the headgate by removing the stones and concrete with which it is filled. Two miles from its head the engineers who located the Maricopa canal made use of the old Aztec ditch, and today the water runs over its pebbly bottom just as it did two or three thousand years ago; but how different is the condition of the people it supplies!

The ditch was only nine miles in length and not so large as the one on the desert of the Casa Grande, but it ran through the heart of a city with a population of no less than 500,000.

For miles and miles the mounds, in perfect regular order, tell the tale of houses destroyed by the ravages of time, and of a magnificence not excelled today.

## Our Little Folks.

### YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

#### An Exciting Trip Across the Plains.

IN the summer of 1865 five mule teams driven by Americans started with loads of merchandise from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City.

These Americans concluded for mutual safety to travel with a company of Danish Saints who were going to cross at that time with oxen.

Nothing of note transpired until they reached Fort Laramie. On this particular day M. G. Atwood, captain of the company, and M. P. Romney, a returning missionary, were riding in advance of the company in search of feed for the animals.

When they reached the fort they were told that if they would turn their teams across the Platte River they would find good grass.

Accordingly when the train came up a camp was made at the place indicated and the cattle driven across the river to graze, this being after dark.

While the Danish guards, with M. P. Romney as captain of the guard, were being placed around the animals a party of mounted men came up, whooping like Indians.

Most of the guards stood their grounds. The captain of the guard then addressed the invaders in the following manner:

"We have lived too long in an Indian country to take you for red-skins, and we will shoot the first man who attempts to molest our cattle."

One of the party replied, "D—you, shoot now!"

However in a few minutes they all seemed to have left. But a short time

after one of the guards noticed some one driving a number of mules from the herd.

He fired, but without effect, as the persons were soon across to the other side of the river.

The people in camp were aroused by this time, and the captain sent more men to strengthen the guard, which was kept up during the night. But when morning dawned it revealed the fact that seventy-four head of cattle and several mules were missing.

This caused a delay of two or three days, and also a search for the missing animals, which were nearly all recovered from different places where the would-be thieves had driven them.

The company then broke camp and resumed their journey, but had not gone far when they were stopped by a company of United States cavalry. The officer stated that some of these people were being forced to go to Utah against their will.

A meeting was called and the people were then addressed by apostates from Fort Laramie, who tried to persuade them not to go to Utah.

The officer then offered those who wished to stay transportation back to the States or employment at Laramie. A vote was called but not one accepted his generous (?) offer, seeing which the officer sounded a retreat and returned to the fort considerably crest-fallen.

The train again traveled on until they reached what is known as Cottonwood Hollow. Here they turned out for noon, and were just taking their animals to the springs to water when the war whoop of the Sioux Indians was heard. They poured in on all sides, yelling and screeching like demons, as only maddened red-skins can.

They tried to stampede the cattle, but were prevented from doing so by the active exertions of Albert W. Davis and others, who were mounted at the time.

Those of the men who had firearms fired at the Indians, who returned a shower of arrows and a volley of bullets, which resulted in the wounding of nine Danish men, one of whom was John Swenson, boot-maker, of Salt Lake City, who was shot through the arm. Some of the people who were on foot had strayed behind and had not come up with the train at the time of the attack by the Indians.

As the Indians retreated some of them went back the road and met the persons who were behind. They lassoed one woman and dragged her off, after having shot her husband through the body so that he could not reach camp until it as impossible to recover the woman.

This was also witnessed by some men who were freighting goods for W. S. Godbe, and who made it a point to catch up and camp with the other company at nights.

But they were unable to render any assistance, and so the poor woman was never seen nor heard of again, although steps were taken by the Church for her recovery.

Some of the Danish were badly wounded, but they had great faith, and through the administration of the Elders all soon recovered except one man, who has been an invalid from the effects of it ever since.

Probably some of the Indians were killed, as they left without obtaining any spoil.

After this time strong guards were kept up night and day, and the company

reached Salt Lake City in peace and safety.

*Junius Romney. Age 16.*

COLONIA JUAREZ, CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

#### Visit to a Navajo Village.

MOST of our readers, no doubt, have seen and admired many of the Navajo blankets that are so largely sold and used throughout this western country; but probably have not witnessed the process of manufacturing them.

I felt curious to see the Indians working at the loom, so when an opportunity was afforded I went across the river, onto the Navajo Reservation, and visited an Indian camp. The woman of the house had a couple of blankets in the loom, which she worked at during spare moments. The industrious Indian women had taken the wool from the sheep's back and prepared it for weaving, and were now making it into beautiful blankets.

Their looms were very primitive. A post about seven feet high was set in the ground about six feet from a tree, with a stick fastened from the tree to the top of the post to hold the upper ends of the warp. A couple of pegs were driven into the ground on either side of the post, about seven feet apart, and a willow tied from one to the other, to which was fastened the other ends of the warp.

The filling greatly resembled a small wool roll. It was carefully wound on a short stick and passed back and forth through the warp and left quite full so that after it had been beaten down with a small, smooth board, it makes a very thick, soft blanket.

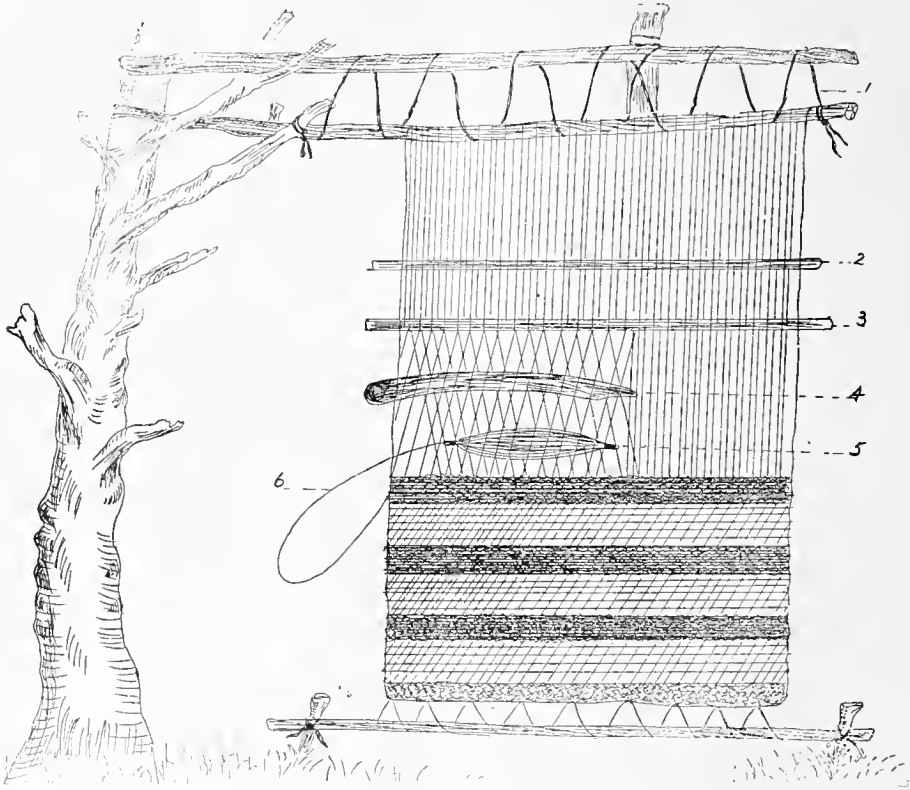
The woman I watched had colored the wool many colors and was weaving it in bright stripes. The warp was

spun of black wool, and was exceptionally fine and even.

There were several children playing around, and among them were several books the mother had picked up around our houses. The children were not learning to read, but were quite interested with the pictures.

sheep skins folded and piled in the bedroom, which indicated they were very comfortably fixed for bed-clothes.

The woman spread down one of her nice blankets for me to sit on. I was intending to make a drawing of the loom, but the woman insisted on her drawing it, so to be agreeable I con-



NAVAJO BLANKET IN LOOM.

1. A rawhide string. 2 and 3. Thin boards to spring the warp with. 4. A hard wood stick used to hold the warp apart, and after the shuttle has gone through to beat the filling together. 5. A stick used for the shuttle, with the wool wound lengthwise. 6. Coarse wool yarn.

The house consisted of three rooms: the first was a round tent; second, a half tent; and third, three sides of a log room not more than four feet high. The sheep corral near the house, where their sheep were penned through the night, completed their permanent improvements.

They had numerous blankets and

sent. She did splendid work at drawing, but I remodelled it a very little, and the accompanying sketch is the result.

When I got ready to leave she gave me a leg of mutton, which was an indication of her hospitality.

I must tell how these people bathe in cold weather. As we drove toward

their camp we noticed a very large pile of sand, with a blanket spread on one side. As we neared the place we saw fire scattered around outside and the Indians' clothing near the blanket.

They were having a vapor bath. After making a round hole in the ground about one foot deep, they build a steep roof of bark and sticks over it, then cover it with sand. Of course a small hole is left to go in. This is called a "sweat house." The Indian goes in with a bucket of water and several hot rocks. The water is turned on the rocks to produce steam. The door is closed, and this is continued until the Indian is wet with perspiration. Then he comes out and rolls in the sand to dry himself.

I was at camp when two boys came in from the bath-room; they were very clean, and said it was good. The father of the camp was still enjoying the luxury of his Turkish bath when we left. They seemed pleased to have me come, and when I left asked me to come again.

The Navajos have large herds of sheep and horses. They do some hunting, and in favorable seasons do a little farming. Their reservation extends north to the San Juan River; but in dry seasons they are not afraid to trespass on our range.

*E. L.*

BLUFF, SAN JUAN CO., UTAH.

EACH drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects on what he has uttered.

## BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

### The Tower of Babel.

AFTER the flood Noah and his sons went to work to make homes and gardens, and to raise sheep and cattle.

In about one hundred years there were a great many people on the earth once more. Part of them went to a land which they called Shinar, and they said they would build a great city to live in, and also a high tower, that they might not be scattered.

When they had been at work a good while the Lord put a stop to it, for they were not building it to serve Him.

They had all been speaking the same language, but then God made every one speak a different language, so that they could not understand each other, and of course they had to stop building.

Each man then took his family, for he could understand them, though no one else, and went to another place, but still they did not serve God.

About one hundred years after Noah died there was a good man named Lot, living near two wicked cities called Sodom and Gomorrah, but all the people there except his family were so wicked that the Lord sent two angels to tell Lot that He was going to burn up the cities. They told him to take his family and run to the mountains, and not to look behind them; but Lot's wife looked behind and she was turned to a pillar of salt.

If we want to serve the Lord and do what is right we must be very careful never to do anything that we know will be displeasing to Him. Let us remember that He knows even our thoughts, and if we do or say anything wrong He is sure to know all about it, and if we do what the Lord tells us not to do we may expect to be punished for it.

*Celia A. Smith.*

**LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED FOR 1895.**

OUR list of prizes for this year has been considerably lengthened as our young readers will perceive. We extend an invitation to all our young friends to compete for all or any of the prizes we offer. Following is a complete list of them:

FOR BEST STORY suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR, First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Book of Mormon large print. Second Prize, leather, gilt, copy of L. D. S. Hymn Book.

FOR BEST LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, subject to be chosen by the competitor, First Prize, leather bound copy of Domestic Science. Second Prize, cloth bound copy Domestic Science.

FOR BEST MAP OF UTAH, drawn and colored, First Prize, cloth bound copy of Wonderlands of the Wild West. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of Whitney's Poems.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of a copy of the Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saints, to be competed for by boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen years, First Prize, leather bound copy of Forty Years Among the Indians. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of Forty Years Among the Indians.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of the Lord's Prayer, by boys or girls under twelve years of age, First Prize, cloth bound copy of work From Kirtland to Salt Lake. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of Moral Stories.

FOR BEST POCKET KNIFE WORK, either carving, scroll or other class of work in wood, First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Life of Heber C. Kimball. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of the Doctrine and Covenants, large print.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF KNITTING, lace, fasciators, wristlets, mittens or stockings. First Prize, morocco, extra gilt copy of the L. D. S. Hymn Book. Second Prize, morocco gilt copy of Deseret Sunday School Song Book.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF CROCHET WORK, any article, such as tidies, etc., First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Life of John Taylor. Second Prize, cloth bound copy of the Dictionary of the Book of Mormon.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF KENSINGTON EMBROIDERY, any pattern, First Prize, cloth bound copy of the Life of Joseph Smith. Second Prize, morocco, extra gilt, copy of Whitney's Poems.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF ART WORK IN TISSUE PAPER, such as lamp shades, fancy vases, etc., First Prize, leather, gilt Book of Mormon, large print. Second Prize, calf grain gilt Book of Mormon, small print.

The above prizes consist entirely of home publications, the combined value of which is \$37.65.

The conditions are only that the competitors must be under eighteen years of age. It is free to all, boys and girls. The articles they send in competition must reach us by the 1st of June 1895. Those who wish their articles returned must send stamps to pay the postage on them. The articles of most merit will be exhibited in our office with the names of the makers attached and the names of those receiving prizes will be published in the INSTRUCTOR. Remember to give your name and address when writing to us.

THERE is a sort of economy in Providence that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and mix them in society.



## OH, HOW LOVELY IS ZION!

By H. H. Petersen.

Oh, how lovely, how love-ly is Zi-on! Zi-on, cit-y

of our God, Oh, how love-ly, how love-ly is Zi-on!

FINE.

Zi-on, cit-y of our God! Joy and peace  
Joy and peace

shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace, joy and peace,  
shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace, joy and

joy and peace shall dwell in thee. Oh, how lovely, how lovely is  
peace, joy and peace

Zion! Oh, how love - ly, how love - ly is Zion! Joy and peace shall

*First time Duet for Soprano and Alto, second time full Chorus.*

dwell in thee. Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, joy and  
Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

peace shall dwell in thee, joy and peace shall dwell in  
joy and peace shall dwell in thee, joy and peace shall

1ST TIME. 2ND TIME. D.C.

thee, joy and peace shall dwell in thee, peace shall dwell in thee.  
dwell in thee, joy and peace shall dwell in thee.

THE ancient Spartans paid as much attention to the rearing of men as our modern cattle breeders do to the rearing of fine stock. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful, in a free state, to any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too soft or too fat for military exercise and the service of Sparta were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Naucelis,

the son of Polybius, the offender was brought before the Ephori and a meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than of a son of Lacedæmon.

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